

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

The Status of the Alliance People More Favorable to Prohibition.

As might reasonably have been expected from the beginning, the Farmer's Alliance has split. There is every reason to suppose now that one-half of it will go to the Prohibitionists, and the other will simply be an annex to Democracy, or a subdivision of Democracy that wants special legislation for the farmers.

These Alliance people who endorse the resolutions lately passed at Ocala, Florida, form one section and those who combined with the Prohibitionists to elect Kem and Hefvorson to Congress from the West lately, form the other party.

The cause of the rupture was the decision of the Ocala party that no negro could be a member of the Alliance. The call of the other party for a meeting at Chicago, on the other hand invited the Colored Farmer's Alliance to meet with them.

Of course the discrimination against the negro as a race was unjust. To discriminate against the uneducated, regardless of race, is right, and a charity to the negro to induce him to educate himself.

The National Prohibition platform asks an educational qualification for female votes. It should have demanded it for both sexes.

Prohibitionists could not sympathize with any organization that would refuse fellowship to such a man as our "Black Knight," Hector.

I talked with George Clark a few days since, the "George Harlan" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the man who told the story of "Uncle Tom" to Mrs. Stowe. He is a good Prohibitionist.

I talked a few days since with a mulatto, reputed to be the son of one of the most prominent Presbyterian clergymen of this State. He was a Prohibitionist, and his tongue indicated the probable correctness of his distinguished clerical descent.

I could not consent to endorse any organization that would debar such men because they are not white.

The Western body of the National Farmers Alliance has endorsed Prohibition and the indications are that they will fuse with the Prohibitionists.

Such labor leaders as Powderly, Beaumont and Travellick are pronounced for Prohibition, and are in full sympathy with the Western body of the Alliance men.

It seems to me that a fusion of this Western division and Powderly's people and the Prohibitionists, is almost a foregone conclusion. The fusion will not require the Prohibitionists to moderate in the least, their position on the liquor traffic, but may demand of them some sympathy with some of the more conservative principles of the Alliance people.

Though we have never urged any of these, our National platform will allow this.

I have always doubted the expediency of but two planks in our platform; one is prohibition of the liquor traffic and the other is woman suffrage.

I object to any class legislation for farmers or anybody else.

I am opposed to dictating rates to railroads because it is unjust. The railroads are the private property of those who own them, and I think they have the right to vary the fare from New York to Chicago from \$13 to \$1, as the *New York Voice* complains that they have done; and on the same principle they have the right to charge \$100 for that fare or to take people for nothing.

Over the turnpikes of our country the law should watch with a jealous eye, and dictate the terms upon which they shall conduct their business, because the turnpike companies take the roads that originally belonged to the public and compel the people to pay for traveling over them in their improved condition, while the right of free locomotion was

one of the inalienable rights of freemen.

Railroads are the original creation of those who build them. No reasonable man would deny the right of a railroad company to tear up its road or to cease to operate it all if it thought best to do so, without any apology to anybody for its course. If it would have the right to do this it would, of course, have a right to adopt any policy in its own management that would be deleterious to itself or to anybody else, just as a man would have a right to charge an inordinate rent for his house or to destroy it entirely if he preferred.

Some such minor objection some of us may have to swallow in a coalition with the Alliance men, but if they accept our view of Prohibition without any compromise we may afford to make some concession upon extraneous issues on the broad principle that we will secure the greatest good to the greatest number by securing Prohibition.

The question naturally arises with which side in the division will the Kentucky Alliance people go?

Race prejudice does not exist in politics in Kentucky, while the interests of our people are equally divided between the North and the South and the prejudices of our people are for the South.

There will therefore probably be a division among the Alliance people of Kentucky, and a part of them will coalesce with the Prohibitionists upon the same terms that the Western Alliance people do.

In the coalition the Prohibition party will take precedence upon the ground of its superior age and of its thorough organization.

The rock upon which there is the greatest danger that we will break will be the naming of the coalesced party. The *New York Voice* in alluding to this says of the name "it is easily changed."

I think it of the most radical importance that we cling to the name. We can not afford to compromise our fundamental principle as long as we maintain that name, and we may do it under any other name.

In all the utterances of the *New York Voice* that is the first sentiment in it to which I had to dissent.

We must hold to the name Prohibition until the thing that we want to prohibit has been most effectually prohibited, and then it will sweetly fall into innocuous desuetude for want of oil to feed the flame, just as the name Abolition went out when the thing it opposed was abolished.

For myself, even after that, I must admit a sort of sentimental preference for the old name, but after that, and not before, I am willing to hear argument on the advisability of changing the name.

Two hundred thousand of the finest women in America are pledged to the support of Prohibition, and they are the "power behind the throne" in all cultured society.

The Prohibition cause has already existed twice as long as any other third party except Abolition ever did, and it has done this with no more approach to schism or rupture than the difference of opinion about Woman Suffrage and that has simply been the occasion of putting a pleasant seasoning of Attie salt with our discussions. With the press of both the old parties against it, and with no political machinery of its own, and without a single act inconsistent with the character of the highest style of Christian gentlemen, it has grown from 9,678 in 1880, to 249,945 that were counted in for Clinton B. Fisk in 1888, even after the count was misrepresented by Democrats and Republicans all over the United States as we know it to have been here in Lexington.

We have simply to stand firm on our position and the Northern wing of the Alliance will come to us, and the Southern wing will go back to its allegiance to Democracy.

The Northern wing coming to us will weaken Republicanism, while the Southern wing going to Democracy will strengthen Democracy; then reinforced Democracy will crush decimated Republicanism, and then crushed Republicanism will come to Prohibition; then the combine of Republicanism, Western Alliance, Powderly people and Prohibitionists, with Prohibition in the lead will crush Democracy, and then the angels will string up their harps and learn some new songs for the Millennium.

Political Heresy in The New York Voice.

In the *New York Voice* of January 22 is an editorial under the heading "Shall we have a Union of Forces," that has in it the first inkling of political heresy that I have ever seen in that paper.

It is right in the line of thought in which the Prohibition party is most likely to get stranded.

I think the *Voice* is, without exception, the grandest newspaper in the world, and I think that this is the sentiment of almost every Prohibitionist. Its utterances have been so universally trustworthy that the danger of accepting its views without critical examination we are liable to swallow any error that it almost certainly must make sometime, just like a trout takes down a piece of red flannel because he does not stop to examine.

The Northern Alliance people are making some tempting baits for us to bite at, and the *Voice* is anxious to get in with them, and so am I. They have gotten just as close up to us as they can get without coming into the true faith, and they have drawn a line on the ground and said, "Now we like you and, we want to help you, and we want you to help us, and if you will just step across that line we will all be together."

That's exactly what the Devil said to Jesus in the "temptation." They were both quoting scripture, and they understood it just alike, and the Devil quoted it just as accurately as Jesus did, and then the Devil said "we are so nearly together in our understanding of these things, that inasmuch as I am on the popular side, and you are under a cloud, and you don't seem to have very many friends among the influ-

ential people, if you will just make the least concession we will have fine sailing together."

But the Devil didn't fool Him, and nearly two thousand years afterward we are glad that he didn't. I am satisfied that Prohibition will come, and I am not so anxious to rush it through by a compromise as I am to have it so complete and uncompromised that when we do get it, there will be people who, in two thousand years from now, will be glad that we stuck it out.

Mahomet is my model Prohibitionist. Twelve hundred years ago he instituted Prohibition among his people. They may have faults, but to eat hog meat or drink liquor are two things that you cannot get them to do to this day; and in the wars of the Crusades his followers were just as far above the ale brewing, wine bibbing European Christians as the Greeks at Platea, Salamis and Thermopylae, or the followers of William Tell or Kosciusko or of Washington at Valley Forge and Yorktown, were grander than the Yankees that murdered the Indian women the other day.

The *Voice* alludes to "Prohibitionists both in and out of the Prohibition party."

I thought we had been trying to teach the people all the time that there could not be a Prohibitionist out of the Prohibition party any more than there could be a Democrat out of the Democratic party or a Republican out of the Republican party.

If we could not find a Democrat in the Republican party, I can't understand how we could find a Republican in the Prohibition party, or a Prohibitionist in the Republican party or the Alliance party.

This very thing of allowing some good and intelligent people who vote with other parties to flatter themselves that they are good Prohibitionists because they do not drink, and hope the saloons will be put down is the hardest thing we have to contend with here in Lexington.

A few days since a valuable citizen here in Lexington told me that he was just as good a Prohibitionist as I was.

I was somewhat surprised to hear that he was a Prohibitionist, as I thought I knew pretty near all of them, personally or by reputation, and I expressed my surprise and congratulation.

He then explained that he

never drank anything and used his influence against it, but voted with the Democrats.

That man so far from being a Prohibitionist is a worse enemy of Prohibition than any saloon keeper in the city, and without the support of that kind of men I could destroy the whole saloon business of Kentucky by myself.

While this position is highly creditable to the generous hearts of the Editors of the *Voice*, as a political policy it will not do.

Just as certain as any moral demonstration can be made, we are absolutely right in our proposition to annihilate the liquor traffic as utterly and completely as American slavery has been; and the least concession or compromise of that position will be exaggerated by our enemies and construed into an abandonment of our purpose.

This is our great and permanent purpose, but only the secondary and subsidiary purpose of any other political party. If therefore we pool our forces with them there is of necessity some deterioration of the importance of our issue, and we will just as soon put down the liquor traffic as the "Missouri Compromise" would have put down the slave traffic.

All the people in America who really and conscientiously want to put down this traffic will naturally gravitate to us, and we must stand still and let them gravitate. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," and cold water will down our enemies as it did in the days of Moses.

In the same spirit of conciliation, the *Voice* says to a man who objects to the name Prohibition, "It is easily changed."

To change the name, and allow that a man can be a member of our party while voting with some other party simply means annihilation of Prohibition, and the *Blade* and I now announce that under no circumstances are we going to concede this.

If I can understand the language of the *Voice*, I believe the Kentucky Prohibitionists will almost to a man see it the same way.

If I am wrong in my understanding of this editorial I want the *Voice* to say so, and if I am right in my interpretation of it I want the *Voice* to reconsider its position and abandon it if it conscientiously can.

If it was any other Prohibition paper in the world we would not regard it as so important, but the *Voice* is the National organ, and it must voice the sentiments of our people.

If I know the mind of Kentucky Prohibitionists we want to be designated as *Prohibitionists*. We expect others to object to our name just as they do to our principles, but we do not care.

We do not know anything of any such thing as a Prohibitionist out of the party. We have no test of fellowship except that a man votes with the party and that makes him in the party.

He may get drunk every day and twice on Sunday and talk for the Democrats all the time, but if he always votes for Prohibition he is a true blue Prohibitionist.

Suits Him to a "T"

January 28, 1891.

C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.
DEAR BROTHER—The *Blade* has been coming to me very regular. If there is a paper that I appreciate, it is the *Blade*. I read the *Voice* and Southern Journal, but the way the *Blade* cuts suits me to a "T." Give it to them, Brother Charley; and if they do not like the way you talk, let them come out and be men.

Am not prepared to send you my subscription now, but will do so in the near future. Send sample copies of the *Blade* to the following names: Le Grand Hawkins, W. E. Gill, W. E. Brown, Salvisa, Ky.

Respectfully,
J. ROBERT PRESTON,
Salvisa, Ky.

The Article About Rev. Sweeney.

My remarks in my last issue about Rev. Sweeney have caused considerable sensation. As to their justice and propriety I must leave my readers to decide, though I have reason to believe that in many instances it will be objected to.

The enormity that the Prohibition party is opposing is stupendous, and is pervading everything from the capitol at Washington down to the magistrate's office. I stand almost alone in this State in my efforts in journalism to oppose it.

I am limited in my means of publication, and have not at my command long daily columns with which to meet the apologies for the liquor crime that come from every quarter of the State.

I am driven, in defense of my cause, to put into the most condensed form my rejoinders to these apologists.

Many of them are far more trenchant in the handling of their pens in the discussion of theories and political abstractions than I am. But when we come to hard pan facts about the horrors of the liquor iniquity I have the advantage of them.

These are all the more striking and startling when they invade the homes of those we know.

I know that I am right in my desire to crush this iniquity, and I know that every intelligent man is wrong who fails to proclaim in unmistakable language his opposition to it, and as a defender of that which is just and right, though I may be honestly mistaken in my view, it seems to me that all opportunity must be made tributary to this great end.

This is written after the article headed "The Outlook for a State Organ" is partly in type, and it may be that the whole matter has occurred opportunely for the good of the Prohibition party.

It may, by many, be regarded as an instance of imperfection that would unfit me for the editorship of a State organ. This is an important thing to be considered if my name is to be used in that connection.

Probably I might be more conservative as an employed editor of a stock company, but this is not a thing about which I can speak with assurance.

I have been raised on a farm and am familiar with the peculiarities of farm life. When I look at a thing that presents to me all the evidences of being a *spade*, I am mighty apt to call it a *spade*.

No personal friendship or sympathy for me must be allowed to handicap the cause.

Journalistic Courtesy.

It is an instance of generosity that I am glad to note, that the *Transcript* and *Leader*, after the tart reflections that have passed between me and them, were readily willing to publish my communication to assist me when I had fallen into an error about the Green and Long affair.

I can't say that I hope they may get into trouble so that I may help them out, but if, with their more conservative policies, they should ever make a "bad break," I hope they will commend me.

Daughters College, New Term.

Teachers that were compelled to ask for a term of rest last fall, have returned and resumed their old places at the college. A faculty of eight teachers are now present and busy at work, all of whom were educated at the college. Mrs. May Poter has charge of the Vocal Music class and is giving perfect satisfaction.—Harrodsburg Democrat.

The Queen City Likes The Blade.

CINCINNATI, January 27, 1891.

C. C. Moore, Esq.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find my check for \$2 to pay one year's subscription to the *Blade*. So far I like the cut of your job. There is nothing like being loyal to the truth and it must sooner or later win the day. Yours for the cause, sink or swim, J. R. MARTIN.

Cause and Effect.

In Lynn, Mass., the city authorities have granted eight additional licenses because the increase of population permitted it. At the same meeting the overseers of the poor reported their expenses for the quarter to have been nearly \$8,000. No one seems to have seen the relation between the two transactions, but none are so blind as those who will not see.

Alcohol and Disease.

Dr. Andrew Clark makes the astounding statement that in the hospitals with which he is connected 70 per cent. of the patients are sick from the use of alcohol alone, and Dr. Starin tells us that he has observed that over three-quarters of all skin diseases are caused by intoxicating drinks.

TAYLOR & HAWKINS,

Show below a few specials which merit your attention, and which it will pay you to read and remember.

EMBROIDERIES (This is our Specialty. Good values on the Cheap Table. We carry the Largest Stock in Lexington.)

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We have Bargains on every counter. Come and see. Don't forget the place is

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Prosthetic dentistry, separated from operative dentistry.

They do not belong to each other and should not "keep company."

A Prosthetic Dentist is one who gives his whole time to artificial teeth, leaving the filling to be done by operative dentists.

I take all impressions, and do all work, myself, thus avoiding all risk. My charges will be as light as I can afford to make them. Mouths differ more than do faces—no two being alike, therefore, no fixed price can be given, (until after an examination).

Teeth made on any material which patients may prefer. I did all the plate-work, for the late Dr. S. Drigg's, during a period of twelve years. I did all of Dr. R. J. Porre's work, whilst he was in Lexington, and have made thousands of sets of teeth, for other dentists.

Confining myself, exclusively, to the prosthetic branch of dentistry, I will, of course, do superior work.

Cleansing, extracting, and straightening teeth, are included in my specialty. No charge for "misfits." Office and laboratory in Johns Building, directly over Mrs. Semon's "Manicure Parlors."

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One Year, 32 insertions.	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
Six Months, 16 insertions.	.75	.75	.75
Three Months, 8 insertions.	.50	.50	.50
Two Months, 4 insertions.	.35	.35	.35
One Month, 4 insertions.	.25	.25	.25
Three insertions.	.15	.15	.15
Two insertions.	.10	.10	.10
Single insertion.	.05	.05	.05

Charles L. Moore
Editor

The Louisville Conference.

The conference of the State Executive Committee and members of the party, held in this city, Thursday, made several recommendations regarding the coming State Convention, and decided upon an organizer to work in the State.

The members present were: Maj. Josiah Harris, Chairman; J. Rucker, L. L. D. Harris, Ferrell, Jr., G. B. and H. M. Winslow, G. S. Overstreet, D. Zimmerman, Dr. J. C. Boyce, J. W. Sawyer, Dr. G. W. Ronald, Geo. M. Handy, Dr. J. O. Dedman, W. W. Goddard, Prof. Voiers, M. Fort, Col. J. M. Holmes, Rev. H. W. Ford, Alex. Lusk, Jas. T. Barbee, F. T. Fox, E. J. Polk, C. C. Moore and F. S. May.

The following was agreed upon as recommendations to the coming State Convention:

We, the Prohibitionists of Kentucky, in conference assembled, believing it to be necessary to the future success of our party that all who favor the dominant issue of Prohibition be united and harmonious in the work of the next State campaign, recommend the following basis of operations:

- 1st. A call by our State Executive Committee for a State Convention, to be held at some convenient place in the State, each county to have a vote in convention for every twenty votes cast by said county for Fisk and Brooks, and one for every fractional vote of ten or more, and no county to have less than one vote.
- 2nd. Said Convention to be duly and properly organized by the appointment of a temporary chairman which appointment shall be made by the State Executive Committee.
- 3rd. The temporary chairman shall appoint a committee on credentials, which shall have all credentials and report to the convention when it will be in order to choose the permanent officers of the convention.
- 4th. In order to further strengthen our political influence in the State, and command the united strength and support of our best thinking citizens, we recommend to the consideration of said convention, in substance, the following platform policy:

Believing that there can be no true genuine and permanent reforms in public affairs so long as the present licensing policy of the Government, State and National, towards the alcoholic liquor traffic continues, and believing that the question of greatest interest and concern to the American people is a just and equitable settlement of the evils growing out of said traffic, and believing that the continuance of the present policy of the said parties in the State means a surrender of public progress, true liberty, and the pursuits of happiness, therefore,

Be it resolved:

1. We favor the legal prohibition of the alcoholic liquor traffic.
2. We are unconditionally opposed to the license system, high or low.
3. The prohibition of all special legislation in the interest of private individuals as specified classes to the exclusion of the general masses.
4. We favor the Australian ballot system.
5. The prohibition of all trusts and combines.
6. The prohibition of all laws that will permit public officers to discriminate against the farming and laboring classes in the establishment of freight rates.
7. We are in favor of what is generally known as Woman's Property Rights.
8. With reference to all national questions, we declare our undivided allegiance to the National Prohibition Party in its non-sectional efforts to unite the people of the country against the common enemy of God, home and country.

We further recommend the establishment of a State organ, based upon the plane of dignified journalism, free from personal abuse, with a sword only for the common enemy, and an olive branch for all sympathizers.

Fountain Fox bitterly opposed resolution 7. These resolutions were in no sense adopted as the party views but are merely recommendations.

The State Executive Committee was reorganized as follows: Josiah Harris, Chairman; L. H. Farrell, Jr., Treasurer; G. W. Roland, E. J. Polk and G. M. Mathews, of Louisville; J. P. Bradon, Hopkinsville, and Robt. L. Cooper, Nicholasville. This puts a majority of members in Louisville, so that business can easily be transacted.

District Chairmen were appointed as follows: 1st. Dr. J. M. Lackey, Canton; 2nd. Col. J. M. Holmes, Union; 3rd. C. G. Hughes, Bowling Green; 4th. G. J. Bean, Hartsville; 5th. J. W. Sawyer, 6th. G. B. Winslow, Carrollton; 7th. C. C. Moore, Lexington; 8th. Dr. J. O. Dedman; 9th. W. B. Evans; 10th. R. S. Friend; 11th. J. B. Kucker.

The State Chairman was recommended to secure National Chorus and Pickle and John P. St. John as speakers at the State Convention.

J. W. Sawyer reported about 150 shares of stock taken in the Prohibition News Co. Nothing definite was done concerning it for the present.

The Executive Committee decided to

put two organizers in the field for the present. Prof. A. L. Voiers, of Ghent, is engaged for six months at \$100 per month, he to pay his own expenses. And Jas. T. Barbee, of Glasgow, is engaged for sixty days at \$75 per month and expenses.

They will enter the field about the 20th of this month. The Committee also decided to call the State Nominating Convention for May 14.

The Farmers' Alliance Busted Again.

The Farmers' Alliance is ripped up the back again. Brother Erwin did it with his little hatchet. Bully for Erwin.

They fell out over the tobacco barn that some of them built down about Louisville, and they laid the party wide open like a watermelon.

Erwin was the editor of the State Union, the party organ of this State.

They bounced him and he ran off and carried the paper with him, and now the journalistic representation of the party in this State has simmered down to a corner in the Farmer's Home Journal, in Louisville, about as big as the nigger column in John Bell's paper.

The Home Journal used to be run here. The editor's name and the name of Cassidy's paper are the only two things in journalism that I can't recollect.

The Journal is one of these papers that tell about eggs with two yellows in them, and three legged chickens, and when to sow wheat and corn and pumpkins, and how to find water with a peach tree switch, and whether red cobs or white ones are the best to smoke meat.

Ever since that Nebraska business it does me good to see the Farmers Alliance fellows come to grief.

They went in with the Prohibitionists and elected Kem and Heylson, both Prohibitionists, to Congress, and then they were so full of themselves that they shook the Prohibs. Then they busted at Ocala, and now they have busted in Kentucky; both in less than three months since they came out as world beaters.

They quarrelled about the most effective way to get more tobacco into the world, while the balance of Christianized civilization is trying to get the nasty, dirty, stinking stuff out of the world.

Coming up from Louisville on the Louisville Southern the other day they were smoking in all the cars but the ladies' car.

I sat in the ladies' car, and a dirty fellow came in with a whiskey bottle sticking out of his pocket and a cigar in his mouth. I got the conductor to put him out. A tobacco drummer sat behind me and four men talked tobacco near me, and a dirty bipped dog in human shape chewed long green tobacco and put the floor around him in such a shape that I had to go out and ride on the platform.

This is the kind of cattle the Kentucky Farmers Alliance is breeding.

If instead of encouraging that kind of a savage there had been some kind of a law that could have clucked him off the bridge at Tyrone so as to let him go down the 256 feet where Jo Russell jumped off, it would be good for the country.

I cured me of traveling over the Louisville Southern.

The Gano Bank Racket.

This Prohibition business sorter ramifies. The Ganos, of Dallas, Texas, are patrons of the Blade, and W. B. Gano, whose father was a General in the Confederate army, and would therefore have a pretty good right to be a Democrat, is one of the brightest and best posted Prohibitionists that I ever heard talk, and stumped the State to offset the evil effect of that unfortunate letter against Prohibition that Bro. Jeff Davis wrote to Texas and made the ugliest blotch upon the heroic retirement of his old days.

Gen. Gano went through this country and raised money for the stock of an immense bank in Dallas.

A row was raised as to whether Gano or a man named Hansl should manage the bank, or some part or parts of it.

Hansl, I suppose from his name, was a lager beer Dutchman.

Each party tried to get to vote the stock of some parties living in Winchester, amounting to \$86,000.

The Dutchman beat Gano and got there first and made his statement about the rumpus, and the Winchester Sun dynamited the whole Gano family higher than Gildersoy's kite.

I looked to me that he had got the whole family down.

I knew the stock and thought it wasn't like them to get in that fix.

Now Gen. Gano replies to the Sun man, and he doesn't leave enough of him to grease a wheelbarrow. It was a regular John L. Sullivan knock out.

Gano makes six counts and the Sun undertakes to answer them and concludes by saying, "With these two exceptions we do not see that the purport of our article is materially impaired by Gen. Gano's letter."

In plain English that's what I mean by "somewhat damaged but still in the ring."

The facts are all against you, my blooming Aurora, and you ought to have given it up like a little man and tackled some easier job. That's the way I do.

The contest was between Gen. Gano and Hansl, and the General closes his argument by saying, "The election is over and Mr. Hansl is out of the bank and harmony prevails. 3,110 votes were cast against Mr. Hansl and only 376 cast for him. Out of \$120,000 of the stock held here in Dallas, only \$15,000 voted for Hansl and that in the hands of two parties."

That do settle it; and there's no possible show for the Sun man except to prove that Gen. Gano's statement is not true.

Give it up for a bad job, Brother.

Self Explanatory.

The subjoined communication appeared in the Transcript of last Tuesday morning, Feb. 3.

The headlines are by the editor of the Transcript.

A SQUARE RETRACTION.

MR. CHARLES C. MOORE CORRECTS HIS STATEMENT CONCERNING THE GREEN-LONG MATTER.

Editor of the Transcript.

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me to correct through your columns, a mistake I made in last Saturday's issue of my paper regarding the Green and Long matter.

The account that I got was from the Middlesborough Democrat, which had been taken from the Lexington Leader. I take the Leader in the list of my exchanges, but had never seen the article as originally published in the Leader, and never saw or heard of the Leader's subsequent explanation of its mistake; nor did I know from any source that there was any doubt about the statement that I saw in print, until after it appeared in my paper. I regret to be the occasion of pain to anybody, even under circumstances where it is evident that I have been thus most naturally mistaken, and I write this correction, which will also appear in my paper, in a short time after having heard for the first time that the account that I saw was inaccurate.

The editor of the Leader has also kindly promised to publish it.

Almost daily horrible things are occurring as the result of the liquor traffic in our State. They are dreadful things to publish, and I think there is no justification in publishing them, except the purpose to arouse all proper thinking people against the enormity.

It seems to me that abstract reasoning and glittering generalities are having no effect upon our people, and that I am justified in showing the horror of the individual instances that occur in our country.

I feel that the responsibility of the legalized liquor crime lies upon the highest class of society, and in many instances upon the most popular preachers, and such is the testimony of Prohibition workers everywhere.

As a political body we have reasoned with ministers and appealed to their religion to influence them. Our appeals are often received with great indifference, and in some instances with bitter opposition.

So that when a case of this kind occurs I confess an inclination to show to the people that the things against which we are warning them are of actual occurrence in real life more dreadful than we would paint them in theory.

I suppose there are instances in which my zeal gets the better of my judgment, and this may be a case of that kind; but no man has ever yet aroused his fellowmen to oppose so stupendous an error as the liquor traffic and influence in this State by moderate means or conservative utterances.

Though the remedy may have seemed severe, there was no feeling of personal unkindness in my heart, and my purpose was the ultimate good of my country.

I am, sir, respectfully,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 2, 1891.

A View of "The National View."

We have read with pleasure and profit "The National View," by C. C. Moore, Lexington. The book sold for \$1.50. The author has reduced the price for the bound volumes to half-price, 75

cents. The book will not only flatten out the wrinkles of the human understanding, but will set people to hatching out a few thoughts on their own account. It is a book badly needed by all the parsons and clergy generally. It is of the subject religio—fortissimo—scientifico, as it were. It is less harmless than a Richmond burglar. —Nicholasville Democrat.

Lexington Councilmen Indicted for Selling Whisky on Sunday.

T. J. Danahy and Dennis Mulligan, City Councilmen of this city, have been indicted by the last court for selling liquor on Sunday. Danahy was fined \$25, and Mulligan was fined \$10 in two cases and \$5 for violating the cigarette law. These two men are among the most prominent politicians in the State.

An ex-saloon keeper in this town who has reformed and now takes the Blade, and is now engaged in a laudable business, told me a few days since that he took a Cincinnati man into a Lexington saloon here a few Sundays ago, just to show him the sights. He said some of the prominent citizens of the city were drinking whisky and playing cards up stairs and down. The Cincinnati fellow said it beat his town.

I am not a Sunday law man. I am opposed to it in the Prohibition platform.

I want every saloon keeper in town to violate it; its mixing up religion and politics and you know I can't stand that.

I will send my paper free to all saloon keepers in the city who will promise to keep open on Sunday as long as I send it.

I will give each one of them a chromo for each man that they will report killed in his saloon; and in fights where death does not ensue I will pay by the pint for all instances of saloon bloodshed on Sunday.

If Councilman Mulligan will bring in his account for that fellow that got his brains knocked out with an ax handle down at his saloon, I will audit it, and place it in his running credit. Cases of "knocking in the head" and "tar and feathers," as Councilman Danahy threatened me, will not count. There must be blood.

There is a lot of durned old hypocritical Presbyterians around this town who don't have any religion but to keep Sunday, and they are backing these saloon men.

They don't care a ——— what these saloon fellows do, so they don't do it on Sunday; and I've got more respect for the saloon fellows than I have for these Presbyterians.

The saloon fellows don't make any pretensions to being Christians and the others do; and as between the Pharisee and the Publican who went up to the temple to pray, I am for the Publican—not Republican, mind you—by a large majority.

Go it, my jolly old gin-slingers. I'm on your side, and would rather take my chances with you than with the others.

You can just bet that I know the Bible and I'll give it to you straight. It says "The Publicans and harlots will enter the Kingdom of Heaven" before these sanctimonious whisky voting Presbyterians that do business up and down Main and Short streets and Cheapside and Jordons Row and Silk Stocking Row.

All of us sinners—men that run race horses and faro banks and abuse preachers in newspapers, stand a better show for our white ally when old Brother Peter gets down his books than any of these fellows do; and that poor woman that wrote me that letter from Megowan street thanking me for my work against whisky that she said had put her in a hell on earth, stands a better chance than one of your diamond dazed, silk rustling, seal skinned darlings, that goes into one of these daisy churches and kneels upon one of Charlie Brower's "Antique Prayer Rugs."

Mary Magdalene was a Megowan street woman, and she got there all the same.

Just One Straw Too Many.

In the matter of Rev. Sweeney I am willing to stand every bit of blame that anybody wants to put on me as a matter of sentiment or opinion, but I must ask a rigid adherence to facts.

Col. Craddock has just told me that there was some intimation that my article had been prompted by the fact that Rev. Sweeney had not paid me for my paper.

In answer to this I have simply to say that I never sent him a paper in my life, and that he never owed me a cent for anything on earth.

On the other hand I certainly am on record as having talked very plainly against some people who had paid, among whom there was recently a minister who had not only paid me for my paper but for stock in it.

While we are on this subject I

would like to suggest that there are two other newspapers and another man that are responsible for this matter before my time comes.

I am the only man in the whole lot who has ever publicly announced that he was neither a quarrelling nor a fighting man, and if anybody wants to do either of these, it seems to me that it would be in order to dispose of the other three first.

Go for me without mercy if you want to, but let me have justice, and toat fair.

Business Notice.

I have bought out all interests in the Farmers Friend Wire and Picket Fence and desire to close the business of the old firm by the first of March, at which time the books must be closed up.

From that time I will run a strictly cash business.

D. H. BEATTY.

Hon. Eugene Underwood the Probable Candidate of the Prohibition Party for Governor.

The recent Conference of the Prohibition party, at Louisville, contained the finest representative men from all parts of the State.

It was decided to have a State Convention about the first of May to make nominations for Governor and Lieutenant Governor.

For the latter place I heard no name suggested, nor was there any official suggestion for Governor, but an official expression seemed to point to Hon. Eugene Underwood, of Bowling Green, as the man.

Mr. Underwood's father was a Judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, and the brother of the possible nominee was once Lieutenant Governor of this State.

It is claimed by many of those who know all three that Eugene Underwood is the flower of the flock.

He is an intensely enthusiastic party Prohibitionist, and has a record that is invulnerable.

He is worth seventy-five thousand dollars, and is willing to use his money in all proper demands of a campaign that would consist with the principles of the Prohibition party.

He is seventy years old, but his moderate and philosophic life, has preserved his great physical and intellectual vigor.

On the Woman Suffrage question he is all right in his private preferences, but thinks it is policy not to emphasize that feature.

I do not object to his position on that subject. We who are pronounced Woman Suffragists have given a decided color to our views on that subject, but claim we do not make it any test of party fealty, and I hope that our earnest support of Mr. Underwood in the event of his nomination, will show the sincerity of our claims.

I believe that any dispassionate judgment will rank him higher than any other nomination that the other parties have made for Governor.

I believe the women of the Equal Rights Association, should, under the circumstances, use their influence for Mr. Underwood, should be the nominee, and I believe they will do it.

Old Presbyterianism Coming Around All Right.

ROCK DALE, KY., Feb. 2, '91.

Pardon my knocking once more for admission to your esteemed paper, but I have been reading some of late and thinking too. I was reading an article in the Western Recorder on "Qualifications For the Ministry," by W. W. Gardner, D. D., which by the way is a most excellent article, and ought to be read by every minister of the Gospel. When I came across the following language: "Lay hands suddenly on no man, neither be partaker of other men's sins." (1 Tim. 5:22). That is if we hastily induct unsuitable men into the ministry, we thereby become partakers of all the evil that may result to the cause of Christ and the souls of men, and this applies alike to churches and Presbyteries.

Now I do not intend by any means to try and twist this to mean anything but what the good Brother has made it mean or that it was intended to have reference to any thing outside of the question spoken of above.

But permit me to draw from it another idea. That is, does not the placing of ones vote in the ballot box for a person known to be directly or indirectly connected with the liquor traffic make said one partaker of the evil following the legalization of said traffic? Is it not so far as the vote goes countenancing it? Ought not churches and Presbyteries as citizens watch over themselves at all times that they make not themselves partakers of all the evil following the licensing of the liquor traffic?

Ought they not to keep themselves pure and in no wise be an accessory to the most gigantic of evils? Give your vote for no man known to be a friend of the liquor traffic; neither speak in its favor or you may be made to feel like a good Bro. Minister of Queen County, who had made a speech against National Prohibition and stepping down afterward into the congregation was met by a half drunken man who tapped him on the shoulder and said: "That is my doctrine exactly." That brother was stumped to think that the very men he was instrumental in saving were agreeing with him on the supposed fallacy of Prohibition. The brother is to-day a sound National Prohibitionist. So Brethren let us not lay the hand of sanction on the liquor traffic, neither use rash judgment but let our voting be such as becometh Christians, against, not for the countenance of an evil and then we may expect God to approve of it. Otherwise He will not, as he cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance.

REV. M. F. BOYLE.

Death of Kalikaua.

King Kalikaua is dead. If you think the announcement is a little tardy for news, you may regard it as history. I am not a kicker on a small matter of that kind.

You remember when Sharkey Withers brought him here from the Sandwich Islands to look at our Bluegrass horses, that we called him "Calico" for short.

He was the cleverest King I ever run with. He was a nigger, but he wasn't so stuck up over it as the Lexington niggers are. I believe he has gone to heaven—that is the kitchen part of it, so to speak.

The reason he didn't put on airs was because he wasn't a thoroughbred African nigger.

I ran across a genuine old country King once who lived where "Africa's sunny fountain rolls down the golden sand," and I tell you that fellow could raise that sand too. Talk about proud; you oughter seen that darkey.

He and Napoleon III. were getting their hash at the Tuileries, and that nigger wouldn't any more speak to a white man that didn't take off his hat to him than anything.

Old Pole was pretty stiff then himself for it was before he found out that he was not long enough to knock the persimmon at Sedan; but that darkey got away with him on style.

I don't recollect exactly where he came from, but I think maybe it was up about Kartoum somewhere, where Gordon got knocked out.

But he had too much style for me and I didn't like him as well as I did poor old "Calico."

If Napoleon was not dead I would write to him and get him to send me that African King's address, if he isn't dead too, and I would send him the Blade. Congo is solid for Prohibition, and against Harrison, and the Blade might make a nucleus for the party up the Nile.

I never could get along very well with royalty, but the Duke of Sutherland and I were old chums—well, that is, not exactly the Duke himself, but his head steward. It was about the same, or better, for the Duke was not at home, and the steward was a jolly fellow, and was just dead gone on me, and we had a whole palace to ourselves with three thousand acres in the yard, and deer and lakes and boats and fruits and flowers, and books and paintings, and statuary, until you couldn't rest.

I wasn't much struck on the Prince of Wales. The first time I ever met him, as an American citizen I looked down on him.

He was in a \$50 opera box, and I was in a 50 cent one, seven stories above him on the opposite side.

It was at Convent Garden, and pretty little Adalina Patti was on the stage just a going it—in Italian of course. But she could not get there like our poor dead Emma Abbott used to do—and is doing now, if that is true about angels singing.

If Wales had known then that his sister was going to marry my cousin, the Marquis of Lorne, I reckon he might have looked up at me, and I would have shown my proud American hauteur by shooting a peanut at him.

But neither of us knew any thing about what was coming, and his habits at that time were rather too loose for my Prohibition ideas, and that very night he was out on a lark—though Gladstone was at the opera with him—and he had left Alexandra at home nursing her first baby and making catnip tea.

I always liked Victoria very well until her daughter married my cousin Lorne, and she cut up about it, and would not go to the wedding, because she said

Cousin Marcus didn't have royal blood in him.

Then my family cut up and said the Argyles were better blood than any Dutch Guelphs ever dared to be, and from that day to this there's been a coolness between the two families, and none of us like any of the Victoria family except Alexandra, Wales' wife.

I hate family quarrels but my folks say they are not going to let their kin folks be snubbed by Queen Victoria nor any body else, and so it goes.

But as I was saying Kalikaua is dead. I don't know of any King that did more to advance his race. He came up here to Lexington to see our people, and when our people went down there like a Christian he took them to his bosom.

Three generations ago his old cannibal grand daddy would have taken them to his stomach.

Dogged If I Know What to Do.

While the whole of Paris, and the half of Lexington, and a big slice of Harrodsburg are going for me without gloves about that Sweeney "bad break," a gentleman from Augusta, Ky., who I think is a minister writes me February 2nd, how he is working for the Blade and winds up, "I think the Blade is calculated to make Prohibition votes where the Voice would not be read."

Ever yours for the fight to the bitter end, H. B. ASBURY.

And then a gentleman whose religion I do not know, came in and talked about the Sweeney piece, and bragged on Bro. Matthews and Bro. Felix for preaching Prohibition sermons and gave me \$8 just to help the Blade.

Then there comes the letter from Mrs. Clark which I publish, and then here's a letter from a lady in South Elkhorn that gives me tatty until I blush to read it, but she's for Prohibition until the last gun fires, and a whole lot of other things from other people; but my durned little old paper is not big enough to hold them, and the world is losing one of the most delightful rackets you ever did go a fishing.

If somebody will just furnish me the money to print every thing that everybody writes me from all over this State, with the women that are backing me I can make it so hot that a Salamander couldn't live in this town unless he voted for Prohibition.

Great Gathering of Young Men.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, will be held in Lexington 19 and 22. This will without question be the largest, by far, of such gatherings ever held in the State, and its influence upon the future work for young men will be great. The attendance last year at Paris was 150, and we expect it will reach twice that number this year. The coming Convention is looked forward to with great interest by Christian young men and Christian business men of the State. Already those who are interested in the work of reaching young men are considering the question of attending.

The following persons of prominence will be present to assist in the exercises: Rt. Rev. T. U. Dudley, D. D., Bishop of Kentucky; C. J. Hicks, Secretary International Committee; Mr. H. F. Williams, Editor "Young Men's Era," Chicago; Mr. E. E. Brown, State Secretary, Illinois; Mr. H. O. Williams, State Secretary, Virginia; and Mr. L. L. Doggett, Secretary State Committee, Ohio.

With these gentlemen on the ground, the success of the Convention as far as the presentation of the best methods of work and the latest plans of operation are concerned, is assured.

All the Associations will be represented. Christian young men and pastors in towns where there are no associations are cordially invited. There will be reduced railroad rates and the Association will entertain all delegations. Persons thinking of attending the Convention should write to Henry A. Rosevear, State Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Louisville, for programmes and full information.

How It Struck Harrodsburg.

HARRODSBURG, KY., Jan. 31, '91.

Dear Bro:—The Blade of today has raised Ballyhoo, and waked snakes here.

If you have any spare copies and will send here for distribution Monday, they will be productive of much good I think.

Your Bro.,
W. W. GODDARD,
Spare copies run out.—Ed.

The Outlook for a State Organ.

One purpose of the Kentucky Prohibition State Conference at Louisville, on January 29th, was to perfect some plan for the establishment of a newspaper which should be the organ of this State. The effort seemed to come to a dead lock. The people said they would not give their money to it unless they knew who was going to edit it, and Chairman Harris said they could not tell who was going to edit it until the money was raised and a board appointed who should determine who the editor should be.

In the Conference no mention was made of any man that would be a proper one to edit it. Privately, I was talked to about my undertaking its editorship. I never had thought there was enough probability of my being made its editor to give the matter much thought until since it was suggested to me, and having carefully gone over the whole ground in my mind I have concluded that I would be exceedingly glad to have the position, if the party in this State wants me, but shall most cheerfully decline in favor of any other man that the party may select.

I was asked by Chairman Harris if I would be willing to go to Louisville to live, if it were determined to edit the paper there, and I answered that I would.

Different persons have occasionally expressed their preference that I should be the editor of the State organ. I have taken no pains to remember them, but as far as I can recall and to the best of my knowledge they are Chairman, Hon. Josiah Harris, of Paducah, James T. Barbee, of Glasgow, District Chairman Winslow, of Carrollton, George E. Handy, of Harrodsburg, J. J. Rucker, of Georgetown, Moses Fort, of Louisville, (possibly), and G. M. Brooks and A. P. Morton, of Lexington. These expressions have been made when, as the party will readily see, there has been little or no occasion to call them forth.

As far as I can learn it seems to be the preference of the leaders of the party that we should have a daily paper; and this is my own opinion.

As to any influence that I may personally exert it would make no difference whether I were stationed at Lexington or Louisville.

Mr. George Handy expressed a decided preference for Lexington as the place for the State organ, but said he would support me anywhere, and without having heard anything from W. W. Goddard or Judge O. S. Poston, of Harrodsburg, I can safely assume that they would say the same thing.

I do not believe I would lose any support from the Bluegrass Region by moving to Louisville, but think that the enlarged proportions of the State organ and the still further evidence that I was on a substantial basis, would at once increase my support not only in the Bluegrass Region but in parts of the State other than such as are under the special influence of Lexington and Louisville, and of course I would hope that the presence of the paper in Louisville would make it more friends there.

Even outside of Prohibition circles I would not be without influential acquaintances in Louisville. Gen. John B. Castleman and Judge John G. Simrall and Mrs. George Easton were in boyhood all of them my playmates in sight of my home where I now write. Mrs. Postmistress Virginia Thompson and I used to go gunning when we were boys together at College.

I have the honor of the acquaintance of Douglas Shirley, whose mother was reared as my neighbor. The Hon. John D. White I personally know and admire as a man whose convictions ought to put him in the Prohibition party, and no little of the romance of my clerical days is connected with his estimable and distinguished relatives and immediate family in the mountains of this State.

Hopper, of the editorial staff of the Courier-Journal, and I are alumni of the same college class, and with Hon. Charles D. Jacobs I have a short but very pleasant acquaintance.

Col. Stoddard Johnston is my friend, and I am slightly acquainted with Gen. Basil Duke.

In the event my plans should materialize of course I would try to combine the patronage of the Bluegrass Blade and the Southern Journal.

My desire would be to indulge as far as could be made consistent with the business interests of the new paper, a sentiment in favor of Editor J. W. Sawyer, a pioneer in Kentucky Prohibition journalism, that would purchase the whole or such part of his Southern Journal plant as would be available for the new paper.

All subscriptions and contracts made with the Blade I would complete with the new paper.

As to the name of the new paper I would suggest the following, The Southern Journal, the Blue

grass Blade, the Southern Blade, the Kentucky Prohibitionist, and the National Prohibitionist.

As to the place at which the paper should be published as between Louisville and Lexington, I should advise that be decided by a stock vote of the stockholders.

I think that I could individually raise half the money that would be necessary to run it, and would be willing to undertake to raise it all if my actual traveling expenses were paid. I think I could raise it inside of two months with a traveling expense of two or three hundred dollars.

Though I have been fairly successful in any business matters that I have undertaken, I have never, in advance, been so sanguine of the success of any effort of my life as I now feel that I would be were I entrusted with this enterprise.

I believe that I could make it a political and a financial success.

Letters from many different varieties of political complexion and social caste have been published in the Blade that have given the party of the State an idea of the spirit in which my essays in Prohibition journalism have been received—no adverse criticism ever having been suppressed—and yet I would not admit by any means that the Blade has been the measure of my capability, except as to means of publication, and its patronage has, without any solicitation further than what its readers have seen in its columns, been continually increasing at a reasonably fair rate. And yet the greater part of my time I have spent on my farm, and the larger part of my time in the city has been occupied with the book-keeping and correspondence of the paper, its advertising and mechanical get-up.

My idea would be to have a daily paper that we could sell for 50 cents a month, and a weekly that would contain nearly all the matter of the dailies that would sell for \$1 a year.

As a paper that would be valuable to the most advanced students in Prohibition I do not think that we could get up anything that would equal the New York Voice, because we probably would not have the means to send agents to get the very valuable information that it does. But I could utilize the information that it gets so as to get it to our readers only a day or two after the Voice gets to this State.

But if my readers will pardon me because business seems to demand the statement, I will say that I believe I can make a more popular paper than the Voice, in the sense that it will attract readers from among those who are not committed to Prohibition, but who form that class of intelligent and moral society outside of the Prohibition pale from whom we may most reasonably hope to proselyte.

As to the style of my paper I think there would be a difference of sentiment among the present readers of the Blade as to whether I should remove the stamp of my individuality, and remand my "big first personal pronoun, I," to its box in the "upper case," or assume the conventional style of metropolitan journalism.

Under any circumstances I should try to avoid the routine chop logic of the "rural rooster."

Either of the above mentioned styles are equally easy to me, and any plan or policy that would be likely to be suggested to me by such a board of directors as we would be likely to have, I could easily follow without feeling the temptation to individual sentiment that would be stronger, of course, in my individual paper.

My journalistic training has been on a daily paper, and the knowledge that what I write is going to appear right away in print is an incentive to journalistic energy that I cannot feel when I know that my sentiments will not appear until some days after they are written.

I think I am probably the only Prohibitionist in the State who has had experience in daily journalism.

Such a paper as I describe would be my ideal of the only journal that would give free scope to the impress I have for years longed to try to make upon my State, and would be to me the consummation of my highest ambition; so that I am very free to say that I covet the position of its editor, if the party think I am competent to fill the position.

I would be glad to have free and unbiased expressions from my readers on the subject, irrespective of their political affiliation.

A Churchman Against the Churches.

MT. CARMEL,
Fleming County, Ky.
Mr. Charles C. Moore.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for the copies of the Blade you sent me. I will put each one where I think it will do the most good. Have been working for the cause for six years and expect to continue until victory or death. I will distribute as many sample copies as

you will send me, while your Blade continues to strike sharp and cutting blows, regardless of profession or station. Truth must win. Your Blade is none too sharp. It must be sharp to cut the damnable liquor traffic loose from the Christian churches. It must be pointed to reach the sleeping Disciples of Christ.

Having nailed the black flag of no compromise with whisky, and no compromise or fusion with whisky parties to the mast head, continue to sound the alarm as loud as you can.

The Christian churches of this land are responsible for all the drunkenness and most of the crime; for they support whisky parties and thus make it almost impossible to carry on a warfare against whisky, by refusing to allow Prohibition meetings to be held in the churches, and failing to help make those meetings a success. I can't see, for my life, how the Great Judge, at the last day, can send the saloon keeper down, and send the voters, who give him license, up. I hope some brother who reads this will explain.

I send you fifty cents. Send me the Blade until that gives out, and I may be able to do better.

Yours truly,
E. C. ROLPH.

A Lady Writes About My Paper and My Book and Emma Abbott and Ingersoll.

LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 1, '91.
378 East Maxwell St.
C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR:—I have been intending for a long time to write and tell you that I should be glad to mail back copies of the Blade, as pioneers.

I believe they have only to be seen to be admired. I have made a practice of sending somewhere, two or three copies each week. My mother, who I always thought was born a rabid Prohibitionist, up in old Vermont, just revels in the Blade; but she says, "Do tell Mr. Moore to be a little more careful in his language."

I replied "Don't worry mother; by the time you and Dr. Chinn had sand-papery Mr. Moore down to your notions there would not be any Blade left to cut Bluegrass."

I am very proud of Lexington's Prohibition weapon, and think it keeps fully up to its high ideal; and we do all have lots of fun out of it, and fun is so healthy. I have read the copy of your book twice, and I have laid it side by side on the bookshelves with Ingersoll's "Gods," which was likewise presented to me by its author with autographic inscription, and the two make a little pile of wickedness that is somehow rather pleasant to my sinful eyes; though neither of you, it seems to me, see beyond the end of your own noses, spiritually.

I am impatient for Volume 2. Do hurry it on. We are all getting "along in years," you know. I send you some cuttings about the dear little dead singer of whom you wrote so well and truly.

I don't know where she was born, but Peoria, Illinois, was the early camping ground of both those singers, Abbott and Ingersoll, who in different ways have so long chanted the songs of the people.

There you can hardly run amiss of some one who is ready to tell you some quaint story of these two original characters, of whom the little city is so proud.

When I was reading your account of that last interview with Abbott, on that occasion when you were mashing diamonds in her trunk, I thought of a story, a lady told me, of a time when Emma Abbott had no diamonds.

She said her father was a music teacher and very poor. The father and daughter used to go to school-houses in adjoining towns, through the dreadful Illinois prairie mud, to give their concerts.

On one occasion poor little Emma had no dress at all suitable for a public appearance even in a rough country school-house. "So," said the lady, "I took my best bombazine and made her two out of it," and the lady was not a very big woman either.

Another lady who went to school with her said, "She was always singing, and was rather a subject of ridicule to some of us. One day, overhearing some remarks about her voice, she turned upon her tormentors saying, 'I know you girls are all making fun of me; but I don't care; some day I'll sing.'"

I heard her in *Faust* in Peoria in '77, when she returned to her old home in her triumph.

Never was a more enthusiastic audience, and never did she sing better, and perhaps not half so well. She had a lover too, this poor little singer in the old days, so the Peoria legend runs, and she favored him, and his folks were well to do, and thought the match unequal as to wealth.

I used often to meet the disappointed youth, and a glamour of romance hung about him in my eyes.

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BAKER and BROS.

I concluded the "old folks" were as much disappointed as he was the night of that Abbott concert, when those diamonds were all ablaze.

He was a superb musician and an artist of extraordinary talent, but considerably glum and misanthropic in his appearance at the time, which I thought was beautiful in him, considering what he had missed.

Emma Abbott was a magnificent specimen of the "women who dare."

I once told her, in speaking of her Nashville experience with that preacher with a whole church full of people at his heels, that I had a fancy that in the next stage of our being, a little further on (some people call it heaven), that the drama will supersede the pulpit as a public instructor and moral guide. (She seemed to enjoy the awfully heretical notion immensely.) And why not? The portrayal is so much stronger and more vivid than the preach.

Nobody expects an editor to answer, or even read, all his letters, and getting behind that fact I forgive myself for inflicting this long epistle on a busy Blade-slinger like yourself, and hasten to sign myself instantly.

Your appreciative reader,
KATHARINE D. CLARK.

I Take My Medicine Like a Little Man.

C. C. Moore, Esq., Editor Blade.

DEAR SIR:—I have been an interested reader of your paper since its first issue and have in the main been pleased with your outspoken condemnation of wrong doing in public men, and in public places, but I have never read in your paper, or anybody else's paper, so unkind and uncalled for an article as that in your last issue headed "Whisky Playing Hell in a Preacher's Family."

When I read that article I wondered what evil spirit had taken possession of you. I had known you from early boyhood and had the conviction that gentleness and kindness, with a strong sense of justice, were predominating elements in your nature, as the result of inheritance from a most estimable father and mother, and that you were one of the last men in the world from whom such utterances would come.

Of all you have written and others have written in regard to the misfortune which has occurred in the family of Rev. J. S. Sweeney, he is still entitled to and will receive the hearty sympathy of all right thinking people.

It has been my pleasure to know Mr. Sweeney for many years and I have always found him the warm-hearted Christian gentleman, esteemed and beloved by all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

He is a popular man but his popularity does not depend, as you very plainly intimate, upon the toleration of the rich whisky men in his congregation. His congregation is a very large one, numbering a membership of probably one thousand.

A majority of this congregation, and a very large majority, are in no way connected with the whisky business, and many of those who are when measured under other than your Prohibition standard, would be considered gentlemen and good citizens. To show the appreciation in which he is held by his people he has held the pas-

torate of his church without opposition for twenty years. It will be a consolation for Mr. Sweeney to know that he has the good will and sympathy of thousands of friends which will in some measure compensate him in the time of his deep sorrow.

I hope and believe you will make ample amends to Mr. Sweeney for the way you have done him. Yours truly,
D. KELLER.

The Blade Wanted in Florida.

MADISON, FLA., Jan. 30, '91.

Mr. Editor.

A copy of your valuable paper was handed me by Mr. George McCormick, of Thomasville, Ga. I think it the very thing needed to be circulated in our State. Enclose you \$1 for which you will please send a copy of the Blue Grass Blade for three months to the following addresses, who, I believe are doing and will continue to do all in their power for the cause of Prohibition: Hon. H. J. McCall, Madison, Fla.; Rev. Jas. Watts, Hamburg, Fla.; R. L. Williams, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Madison, Fla.; Wm. McDaniel, Headquarters for Alliance, Madison, Fla.. Would like to have made myself one of the subscribers, but preferred to use money in the way it would do most good. Would be glad to hear from you occasionally, and anything I can do to help the cause of Prohibition I am at your service.

Respectfully,

MRS. M. I. PEEK.
DEAR MADAM—I credit you with the \$1 and will send the Blade to the others, hoping that they will pay me or let me know if they do not want it.
EDITOR.

One or the Other.

The dollar or the man? The saloon or the home? A republic or a plutocracy? Money for the people or for the few? Taxes unequal or taxes equal? Railroads to run us or railroads for us to use? Nature's bounties monopolized for the benefit of the few or nature's bounties economized for the benefit of all? Labor for speculation, unrequited, or labor paid for all that is earned? The grading up of labor or its grading down into still baser slavery? Answer these questions by your vote.—Progressive Age.

Proverbs of Today.

An old drunk drinker's the devil's decoy.—Berkeley.
The wise drunkard is a sober fool.—German.

The drunken man's joy is often the sober man's sorrow.—Danish.
Drunkennes is an egg from which all vices are hatched.
There is a devil in every berry of the grape.—Arabian.

What Does It Cost?

What do you pay for drink, Tom Jones.
What do you pay for drink?
Down as I pennies every one owns;
Dollars most likely, I think.

Isn't there something more, Tom Jones.
Isn't there something more?
Trousers and coats are pawned, he owns;
Shirts a pretty fair store.

What do you pay for drink, Tom Jones?
What's become of your place?
Work he has lost, this the man owns—
Turned away is disgrace.

That's not nearly the most, Tom Jones;
More could be told, I wot.
He sold his tools, he owns, he owns;
Sold them all for the pot.

Yet there's heavier loss, Tom Jones,
Greater than what brings wealth.
There's again—slowly, he owns,
Drink has ruined his health.

Tell me something besides, Tom Jones,
Tell, if it shame you can;
Well—the maiden he loved, he owns,
Won't we a drunken man.

Here's not even the worst, Tom Jones,
Certainly not the whole;
Now, if I can end, he doggedly owns,
Drink will cost him his soul.

Then it has come to that, Tom Jones,
That's the price must be given;
Drink at the last, the drunkard owns,
Drink in exchange for heaven.

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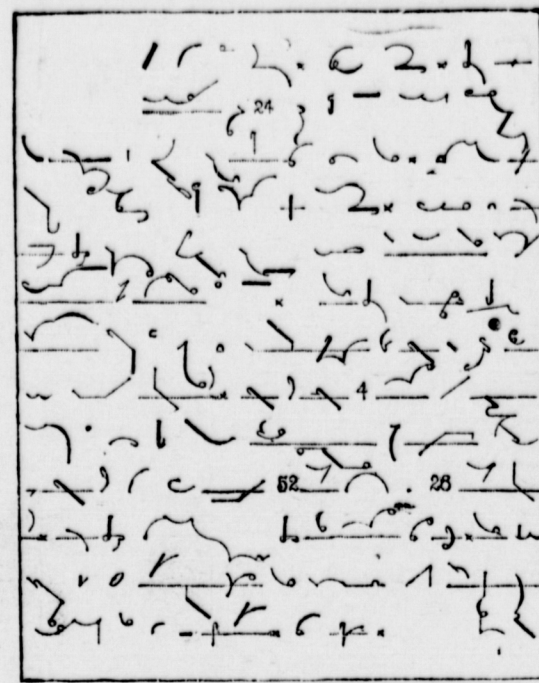
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Beatty Fence.

I have as a farmer used the following varieties of fencing: stone, post and rail, plank and post, barbed wire, linked wire, Virginia worm, picket and runner, and three kinds of wire and picket fence, including the "Beatty fence," made by D. H. Beatty, Prohibitionist and crank of this city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most important elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Sworn to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord, 1890,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
Prohibitionist and Crank

JOHN T. MILLER,

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